BOOKS

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS WITH NEWS AND VIEWS OF AUTHORS

Geography After Twenty Centuries

No More Do the Nations Pay Tribute To the Caesars, or to Kaiser or Czar

THE NEW WORLD. By Isaiah Bowman. World Book Company.

ISAIAH BOWMAN is a director of the American Geographical Society of New York. He has travelled widely and is acquainted with most of the world's explorers and geographers. It would be difficult to find a man with better sources of information. He succeeds in a task which is a fine test for his knowledge. His book tells us how the war has affected the various regions of the earth. He has to deal with many and diverse political problems. No one man could be infallible. The author frankly realizes this. He says: "It goes without saying that no one could hope to present a wholly balanced account of present political conditions. However, the attempt has been made to avoid all but the most necessary expressions of editorial opinion, leaving all the facts on the two sides of a given question to speak for themselves." Such prejudices as the author has can do little harm. They are very obvious. He still feels bitter against Germany and dreads the Russian menace.

It is rather unfortunate that the author says nothing about the United States and Canada. The war changed the policies of these two countries very much as regards immigration. The negro and the Indian have a new hold on the attention of their fellow countrymen because they also did their bit. In Canada, the war showed that there was a greater split between the French Canadians and the English Canadians than between the Boers and the British.

Mr. Bowman has a fine sense of historic perspective. He says: "Men's mental qualities and reactions change but little; they repeat certain effects from age to age. Almost every event of our time has its counterpart in history. The officials of the Roman Empire faced problems strikingly like our own, whether they relate to land ownership and distribution, the burden of taxes, the drift of country folk to the city, growing love for material wealth and pleasure or the rise of political problems of a magnitude beyond the power of individual rulers. Each age has its grand catastrophe, its great war. We call the late war Armageddon, but historians have long called the battle of Leipzig (1813) the Battle of the Nations."

The author has great confidence in the liberality and political efficiency of the Anglo-Saxon. Hence his first chapter is on "Problems of Imperial Britain." He says: "Among English speaking nations, the two most powerful commercially, the United Kingdom and the United States, have a combined naval strength which comprises nearly 75 per cent. of the world's total. This is a matter of the gravest importance, for in the past few years we have seen much of the world thrown into a state bordering on anarchy, and if the process continues or at some future time recurs it may be that the sea lanes and distant strategic points on the rim of civilization can only be held if there be a powerful and mobile fleet. For these reasons we shall wish to see how the world war and the peace treaties have affected lands governed by the English." Mr Bowman points out the fact that the territorial inflation of Great Britain as a result of the war is a source of danger to her. He discusses the problems of trade which the war has caused. Then he describes the unrest in Ireland, South Africa, India and Egypt and speaks of British zones of influence.

Next he speaks of France and her colonial and territorial aims. He sees the problem of France as chiefly that of reconstruction. He shows that it is impossible to make Germany pay all the war costs without crippling the industry of her rivals. He takes up the problems of the Eastern border, of the French in Syria and in Morocco.

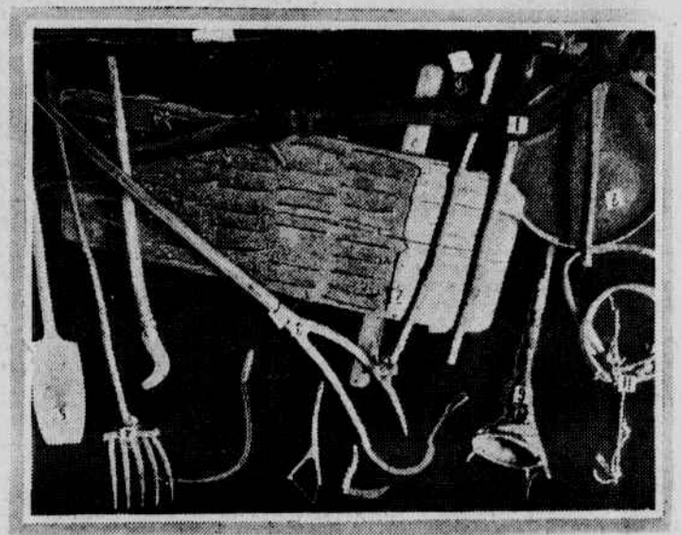
In the following chapters the author shows the effect of the war upon all the European countries. One of his best chapters deals with Italy. He says: "No one of the other Powers allied against Germany in the world war has come out of the struggle with so many threatening internal and external questions and so little increase of national territory in proportion to area, population, national debt and war effort as Italy. The internal difficulties were bound to come; the external problems are chiefly of her own making."

After describing the affairs of those nations which existed before the war and survived it Mr. Bowman enters a region which is a bit chaotic. There are very serious problems among the new nations. They have had slight practice in self-government. Boundaries were hard to determine. In Poland and Rumania, for example, elements have been incorporated which are hostile to the majority. Economic considerations are also perplexing. Mr. Bowman is fairly dispassionate in dealing with national claims. He realizes that too much sentimentality would be dangerous for the world's peace and that where sheep have suffered from the government of wolves you cannot correct the situation by allowing the sheep to govern more wolves than they can manage, and for this reason he opposes too much territorial inflation of Armenia. He also questions the justice and practicability of the Zionist movement.

The European situation is the one that contains most dynamite, but the author concludes his book with chapters on the politics of Asia, the general African situation, the changes the war has brought to the Southern Pacific and the sources of friction in Central and South America. It is a surprisingly adequate summary of the modern world.

JOSEPH GOULD.

Antique Plows and Tractors



Oriental Farm Implements.

THE PEOPLE OF PALESTINE. By Elihu Grant. With illustrations. J. B. Lippincott Company: Philadelphia.

THIS is a companion volume to "The Orient in Bible Times." And there is plenty of observation from the Oriental life of to-day. But many a custom has been followed without change for 2,000 years. Prof. Grant of the Haverford faculty lived for three years in a small town near Jerusalem. He writes of the village life, of the cities and of the desert. In this new edition he says:

"We have picked the village life as most suggestive of the quaint customs of the past. . . . The volume has not been compiled from books but drawn from life."

In a final chapter the author speaks of the difficulties between the native Syrians and Turks, who became even more oppressive after the war began. The Syrian was inclined to side with the Allies, but was often drafted to serve against them. Since the war the situation has improved.

"Syrian education has for a long time been under the guidance of western thought, whether at home or abroad, and the Syrian mind is of the character to fellowship with the west. . . . Born linguists, excellent in such studies as law and economics, they could adorn an era of peace when once they are persuaded of a generous spirit of fair play. . . .

"A new broad gauged railroad has been constructed between Jaffa and Lydda. A few tractors have been introduced for use over the better agricultural land."

Tractors in the Holy Land! And side by side with the ancient implements shown in the illustration. Nowhere else in the world are the centuries so mingled.

A Father's Letters to His Boy

THE MAKING OF A MAN. By Joseph H. Appel. Thomas Seltzer, New York.

OF all tender phrases a farmer's "my son" carries the most significant blending of affection with demand. It is perhaps not as connotative of self-sacrifice as a mother's utterance. There is a touch of authority, sometimes of arrogance, in it. As rulers men have committed every crime and cast their sterile queens ruthlessly into the discard—all for the sake of the male heir. Yet even these tyrants have sometimes been tender fathers.

Perhaps the most bitter moment of any individual is when he becomes aware of his ultimate loneliness, when he realizes that he is not understandable by any outsider, and that his problems and his struggles are his alone, to solve and to carry on. Parents are the only ones who can help us force the doors which lead to the depths within us. They know us best.

It is for these and for other reasons that Joseph H. Appel's book makes interesting and suggestive reading. He describes himself as a practical man, yet he has displayed tenderness, sympathy, and that understanding which comes only out of a warm imagination. Every man wants a son—not so much, let it be said in all honesty, for the son's sake as his own. He wants to save by passing on the precious grams of wisdom which he has won with so much labor from the black mountain of pitchblende.

The adult reader cannot help being envious of the son of the author. What a glorious thing it is to be guided through the vagueness and ignorance of early adolescence, guided each step of the way yet not made dependent! Deep down we are still children, it is said, and we know that it is true. Even now we would appreciate some such guidance. Indeed, it is the need for it which makes us religious.

The letters ring true. They sound as if they had actually been written to a real boy. They discuss the fundamentals of life. The father gives the son in simple language an outline of world knowledge. He gives him advice on how to face situations and emphasizes the virtues which are most essential to the winning of success and to the leading of a full life.

This is the broadminded way he talks to his son of God: "God is a huge storage battery of life, constantly sending out streams and waves of power that any man can use, if he knows how to get in touch with it. . . . Some know better than others, and so some have more power than others. Some get in touch with the power unconsciously. Others consciously seek the power and find it.

"'How can I find the power?' you ask. Well, how did man find electric power? Step by step the law of electricity became known, and now the power is used universally. All we need to know about electricity and God is their laws. Under what laws do they operate?

"Does it shock you to speak of God in this manner? Does it sound irreverent? I was never more reverent in my life. And, as you know, my father was a clergyman and a teacher. . . . Man's conception of God is man's conception after all. Each of us must form his own conception of God, forming that which will be the greatest light in our lives."

This breadth of view blows like a fragrant wind about all the writer's opinions. He gives his son absolute liberty in choice of vocation. In money matters the father is commendably generous. He does, however, caution the lad on the importance of being careful and accurate in the handling of money.

The son is urged to realize the importance of social service. He is urged to be an individual, but warned that to be a real individual he must bear well in mind a sense of personal responsibility and of his duty toward society. The author, a business man, urges the golden rule. "When any one does you an unkind act," he writes, "turn around and do him a kindness in return. It will pay you in happiness."

In closing it is worth while quoting six reasons given for attending school:

"1. To acquire what is called vocational knowledge—the tools of life—so that you may earn your own livelihood and not be dependent on others.

"2. To get your mind so trained that you will seek the facts and then think logically about them and form sound judgments.

"3. To get your will so exercised through discipline that it will make you apply this useful knowledge, through logical thinking, to the affairs of life. You will thus get into the habit of doing things knowingly, incisively, thoroughly and persistently.

"4. To acquire skill through practice.

"5. To acquire a certain culture that will enable you to understand the unity of life, to enjoy its beauty, its truth, its love, and to help others in this enjoyment.

"6. To arouse in you the desire to learn; to unfold the real you, and thus develop a strong moral character."

Stella Matutina

O gentle star!
Whence comes the smoke that vitiates
thy rays? —*Paradiso, XVIII.*

By WILLIS STEELL.

O little star of Bethlehem,
What though you shine for aye,
Who thinks of you, who speaks of you
Except on Christmas Day?

'Tis true I never wished to be
An angel among men,
In daily life, in common life,
You are not in my ken.

Envy, distrust and hatred lurk
To quench your distant ray,
How white you are, how bright you are,
What gain for me to say?

'Tis true that I would wish to feel
Unto all men good will,
But miss the sky, nor look on high,
Where you are shining still.

O little star of Bethlehem,
That shines in heav'n for aye,
Who thinks of you, who speaks of you
Except on Christmas Day?

The Holy Land as It Looks To-day

Trains Run From Zion Into Egypt There Are Mangers in Bethlehem

A PAINTER IN PALESTINE. By Donald Maxwell. New York: John Lane Company.

NEW PATHS THROUGH OLD PALESTINE. By Margaret Slattery. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

WHAT if New York burns no Yule log to-day. What if we hung our stockings from the mantelpiece over a dummy fireplace? (There isn't even a chimney down which Santa can come to remember the innocents.) In a window here and there hang, to be sure, wreaths of evergreen, but the mystic mistletoe seldom exercises its charm. It is not these which make Christmas. The true celebration of the day is in the heart.

Yet the heart may forget and external reminders do not come amiss. In France little mangers are among the most popular toys. In Italy, particularly central and northern Italy, the peasants enact scenes from the nativity and the miracles.

Donald Maxwell, an Englishman, and Margaret Slattery, an American, have visited Palestine recently and have set down the emotions that filled them as they visited these holy places, along with descriptions of the places themselves. The two books constitute admirable Christmas reading and have the effect of arousing new interest in the reading of the Bible. East and West are meeting in Palestine, the machines and efficiency of the West and the raw material and slow picturesqueness of the East. These writers are constantly calling attention to contrasting elements.

"From our earliest childhood," writes Miss Slattery, "when at Christmas time we gazed with intense interest at the wise men on their gaily caparisoned camels, those great awkward ships of the desert have been associated in our minds with Palestine. The Child held close in Mary's arms as she sat upon the donkey, while Joseph urged it on through the day and night in the hurried flight to Egypt, has made that little beast a part of Palestine.

Interior of a Syrian Stable.

"We saw both the donkeys with loaded panniers driven along by wandering Arabs and the strings of camels, soft footed, heads held proudly high, moving off over the yellow sands up to the hills. But we sat in a modern train with comfortable leather seats and a madly puffing engine dragged us over the wind blown sands up through the hills of Judea to the little modern station just without the walls of Jerusalem. Once when we stopped at old Lydda we heard a rushing, whirring sound over our heads. It grew louder, and as we searched the sky a plane swept out from the soft clouds into the clear blue, came down nearer, nearer to earth, rose again and passed out of sight. It had come from the city of Zion; it would go into Egypt."

Mr. Maxwell is a painter, a student of the Bible, and given to investigation of the authenticity of the countless legends and carefully marked "sites." He points out two ridiculous examples of these markings. "In a street lying off the Via Dolorosa," he writes, "there is a stone 'black and greasy with the kisses of pilgrims,' which is shown as *one that would have cried out* if the children had held their peace on Our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. It would seem impossible to go further. But there is a further stage. The high water mark of absurdity is reached in a stone, forming part of a building in the Armenian nunnery of Ez Zeituny, which the Abbess will quite solemnly show as one which actually *did* cry out."

It is curious that both writers in describing their impressions of Bethlehem quote from Ruth, although each does so in a different connection. Miss Slattery is concerned with the immediate past of the "little town," the effect of it upon the different pilgrims, the fascinating little detail. Mr. Maxwell sees things from a viewpoint more detached. He is a painter and has an eye for the pictorial possibilities of places. Because he does not accept the stories of the cicerones readily, Mr. Maxwell gets new "slants" on things. Here is an illuminating bit:

"We got belated and stopped for a few hours to rest our horses at a caravan stable. It was a low, round roofed stone building, partly cut out, I think, in the natural rock of which this limestone country abounds.

"It was crowded with men and boys asleep among the animals. The ox and the ass were patiently munching. A number of camels knelt upon the ground chewing the cud—I wonder for the first time why camels are never represented in Nativity pictures but only in those of the Epiphany—and a single lantern threw a dim light on the scene. The mangers in which the animals were eating—such as had mangers—were built into the wall, and made a space something like a niche for a statue. It seems strange that no one has painted this kind of manger in a picture of the Nativity, because it is decoratively so suitable for the setitng of a principal figure.

"Suddenly I realized the significance of the scene. It was on such a night and in such a place that Christ was born. Nearly two thousand years in the unchanging East have made no difference in external things. The Church of the Nativity stands like a fortress on the hillside, eloquent of Divine Power; this dimly lighted caravan stable spoke of the Divine Humility."

Still on the subject of Bethlehem, he writes: "The landscape of Bethlehem is in itself a parable. Christ was born where the wilderness gives place to life. 'The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing.'"

From Bethlehem Mr. Maxwell went into the Wilderness and Miss Slattery went "down to Jericho."

"Have you ever visualized Isaiah's simile?" asks the former, "'The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God?' I had thought, and I believe most people think, of some neglected and sandy waste, something like the Sahara, perhaps, overgrown with scrub. But the force of the illustration becomes ten times stronger when you realize what the word desert and wilderness can mean in these Judean hills. The hyperbole is terrific; the voice echoing through savage defiles and vast spaces of immeasurable waste—unanswered and unheard: the making of a highway out of these blind paths and precipitous descents where there is scarcely a foothold for a goat—the miracle of the conversion of this place to make the crooked straight, and the rough places plain."

Mr. Maxwell passed through the wilderness to the Dead Sea cleft and wound up his pilgrimage in the Garden. While this writer frequently criticizes the markings in and about Jerusalem he also furnishes rebuttal for much general skepticism. He defends the story of Lot's wife turning to salt as follows: "During this fearful storm the salt marshes across which Lot and his family were fleeing would be white with driving dust and salt. To-day can be seen encrusted objects, and there are many pillars of salt, and the fact of Lot's wife, turning to meet the storm, being suffocated and overwhelmed is a perfectly natural occurrence and not at all, as many have tried to show, a thing that needs an effort to believe."

Similarly he shows that Jacob's dream of a ladder going up to heaven had foundation in fact, the fact being a mountain with formations resembling steps. The story concerning Elijah's eight mile run to Jezreel before Ahab's chariot is also explained as follows: ". . . through this gap the wind pours with extraordinary fury. From the fact that it was over the sea that Elijah's servant saw the cloud like a man's hand rise up we may assume that the storm came from the West. Then, taking into account the flowing nature of an Eastern garment, even though the prophet girded up his loins, it is not difficult to imagine the scene. 'The heaven was black with clouds and wind,' and the old man borne along before the whirling, driving tempest would make so wonderful a figure that all who saw him would recount that the hand of the Lord was upon him as he ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel."

This author discusses suggestively the possible site of the crucifixion in the chapter entitled the "Tomb in the Garden." The discussion is illustrated by drawings and diagrams which help much to clarify the subject. Indeed, all the author's sketches and paintings, done in Palestine, convey no inconsiderable amount of the atmosphere of the country described on the accompanying pages.

"How did it look, that bit of landscape outside the walls of old Jerusalem?" he asks. "How did it look, dark Golgotha, with its gaunt gibbets blackening the blood streaked sky as twilight fell on the first Good Friday? 'Now in the place where He was crucified there was a garden.' How did it look, that fair green garden—paradise regained—in the clear dawn light of the first Easter day?"

Mr. Maxwell's book is one of the best answers to his own question that can be made after 2,000 years.

GEORGE KENT.

India's Wise Men, From Kapila to Tagore

THE WISDOM OF THE HINDUS. Edited and with an introduction by Brian Brown. With foreword by Jagadish Chandra Chatterji. Brentano's.

THE introduction of this book opens with a quotation from Max Muller: "If I were to look over the whole world to find out the country most richly endowed with all the wealth, power and beauty that nature can bestow—in some facts a very paradise on earth—I should point to India."

The different systems of philosophy are briefly and intelligently outlined. "The Samkhya system, the oldest of the six philosophies of India, was founded by a sage named Kapila. The Yoga system, founded by Patanjali, is the Samkhya metaphysics combined with bodily and mental exercises and the conception of the personal God. The Vedanta system is divided into two schools. The earlier was organized by Jaimini and the later by Badarayan. The object of both is to teach the art of reasoning for the express purpose of interpreting the Vedas. The Vaisishiki system was founded by a sage named Kanada, a contemporary of Buddha's, about 500 B. C. His philosophy is called the Atomic system, for it traces the origin of the universe to a combination of atoms and molecules. The Nyaya system, formulated by Buddha, is sometimes called a system of logic, but it combines logic with philosophy, since it is based upon the atomic theory of Kanada."

"In Indian literature the 'Maha-Bharata' and the 'Ramayana,' the two great epics, are comparable with the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' of the Greeks."

The "Maha-Bharata" is in ten volumes and Mr. Brown has condensed this epic in a most comprehensive way so that the reader may enjoy the most impressive parts of it without fatigue. He has also selected some beautiful things from "The Songs of Kabir."

Jagadish Chandra Chatterji very truly says that "Western scholars have explored and translated much and the result of their noble work is to be had —though not easily available to the average man, for the volumes are in most cases expensive, very often technical and difficult. This objection Mr. Brown planned to overcome by selecting some of the finest sections of the Indian literature and giving them the proper arrangement in order that the person without any knowledge of the subject may easily become familiar with the literature of ancient and modern India."

In the wisdom of Abhedananda in speaking of human affection and divine love he says: "Divine love brings a cessation of all sorrow, suffering and pain; it lifts the soul above all bondage; breaks the fetters of selfish attachment and worldliness. All selfishness vanishes and the soul enters into the abode of absolute freedom and everlasting happiness. The object of attachment in human affection is a changeable and mortal object. While the object of attachment in Divine Love is the unchangeable and Immortal Being, the Lord of the universe."

In the wisdom of Vivekananda he says: "'Individuality' is my motto. I have no ambition beyond training individuals. I know very little; that little I teach without reserve; where I am ignorant I confess it as such; I am a Sannyasin. As such I hold myself as a servant, not as a Master in this world."

All of the systems and philosophies of India are so abstract that it is difficult for the purely objective mind to grasp them. "Between the years 1500 and 500 B. C. the people of India were so far advanced in religion, metaphysics, philosophy, science, art, music and medicine that no other nation could stand as their rival or compete with them in any of these branches of knowledge."

"Sir Monier Williams, in his 'Brahmanism and Hinduism,' says: 'Indeed, if I may be allowed the anachronism, the Hindus were Spinozites more than 2,000 years before Spinoza, Darwinians many centuries before Darwin and evolutionists many centuries before any word like evolution existed in any language in the world.'"

Mr. Brown proves himself to be a master of Oriental philosophy. His understanding of it is profound. To him these metaphysical teachings are natural and simple and, therefore, beautiful.

In a stanza from "The Gitanjali" of Rabindranath Tagore the mystical scheme of life is summed up in a few potent words:

"This is my prayer to thee, my Lord —strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

"Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

"Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

"Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.

"Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

"And give me the strength to surrender my strength to Thy will with love."

This teaches the fundamental principles of Eastern wisdom, courage, service, humility and love.

The book is beautifully illustrated and judgment and good taste are shown in this way as well as in the selections given. Jagadish Chandra Chatterji is right in saying that this book "is a garland of Eastern thought flowers." VIVIAN RADCLIFFE.